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send to you, if I can be further serviceable you may (if you please) make use of your humble servant

ROBERT BEVERLEY.

But you must send me a full Lre of Attorney.

To M^r Robert Halsey, Stationer in London & Conrad Huntington.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY
MESSENGER.

Copied from *Southern Literary Messenger*, Vol. II., pages 469-471.

(We have rather accidentally met with these two poems, *The Belles of Williamsburg*, and *The Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg*, both written and circulated in that place in 1777. These pieces are believed to have been either composed by two different gentlemen, or to have been the joint production of both. As we cannot, however, assign to each his due share, we do not think ourselves at liberty to mention their names—which (although the authors in question are now no more,) are still distinguished names in Virginia.)

THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Wilt thou, advent'rous pen, describe
The gay, delightful, silken tribe,
That maddens all our city;
Nor dread, lest while you foolish claim
A near approach to beauty's flame,
Icarus' fate may hit ye.

With singed pinions tumbling down,
The scorn and laughter of the town,
Thou'lt rue thy daring flight;
While every miss with cool contempt,
Affronted by the bold attempt,
Will, tittering, view thy plight.

Ye girls, to you devoted ever,
The object still of our endeavor
Is somehow to amuse you ;
And if instead of higher praise,
You only laugh at these rude lays,
We'll willingly excuse you.

Advance then each illustrious maid,
In order bright, to our parade,
With beauty's ensigns gay ;
And first, two nymphs who rural plains
Forsook, disdaining rustic swains,
And here exert their sway.

Myrtilla's beauties who can paint?
The well turned form, the glowing tint,
May deck a common creature ;
But who can make th' expressive soul
With lively sense inform the whole,
And light up every feature?

At church Myrtilla lowly kneels,
No passion but devotion feels,
No smiles her looks environ ;
But let her thoughts to pleasure fly,
The basilisk is in her eye
And on her tongue the Syren.

More vivid beauty—fresher bloom,
With tints from nature's richest loom
In Sylvia's features glow ;
Would she Myrtilla's arts apply,
And catch the magic of her eye,
She'd rule the world below.

See Laura, sprightly nymph, advance,
Through all the mazes of the dance,
 With light fantastic toe;
See laughter sparkle in her eyes—
At her approach new joys arise,
 New fires within us glow.

Such sweetness in her look is seen,
Such brilliant elegance of mien,
 So jauntie and so airy;
Her image in our fancy reigns,
All night she gallops through our veins,
 Like little Mab the fairy.

Aspasia next, with kindred soul,
Disdains the passions that control
 Each gentle pleasing art;
Her sportive wit, her frolic lays,
And graceful form attract our praise,
 And steal away the heart.

We see in gentle Delia's face,
Expressed by every melting grace,
 The sweet complacent mind;
While hovering round her, soft desires,
And hope gay smiling fan their fires,
 Each shepherd thinks her kind.

The god of love mistook the maid,
For his own Psyche, and 'tis said
 He still remains her slave;
And when the boy directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
 Not age itself can save.

With pensive look and head reclined,
Sweet emblems of the purest mind,
 Lo there Cordelia sits;
On Dion's image dwells the fair—
Dion the thunderbolt of war,
 The prince of modern wits.

Not far removed from her side,
Statira sits in beauty's pride,
 And rolls about her eyes;
Thrice happy for the unwary heart,
That affectation blunts the dart
 That from her quiver flies.

Whence does that beam of beauty dawn?
What lustre overspreads the lawn?
 What suns those rays dispense?
From Artemisia's brow they came,
From Artemisia's eyes the flame
 That dazzles every sense.

At length, fatigued with beauty's blaze,
The feeble muse no more essays
 Her picture to complete;
The promised charms of younger girls,
When nature 'the gay scene unfurls,
 Some happier bard shall treat.

Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg.

Ye bards that haunt the tufted shade,
Where murmurs thro' the hallowed glade,
 The Heliconian spring—
Who bend before Apollo's shrine,
And dance and frolic with the nine,
 Or touch the trembling string—

And ye who bask in beauty's blaze,
Enlivening as the orient rays
 From fair Aurora's brow,
Or those which from her crescent shine,
When Cynthia with a look benign,
 Regards the world below—

Say, why amidst the vernal throng,
Whose virgin charms inspired your song
 With sweet poetic lore,
With eager look th' enraptured swain,
For Isadora's form in vain
 The picture should explore?

Shall sprightly Isadora yield
To Laura the distinguished field,
 Amidst the vernal throng?
Or shall Aspasia's frolic lays
From Leonella snatch the lays,
 The tribute of the song?

Like hers I ween the blushing rose,
On Sylvia's polished cheek that glows,
 And hers the velvet lip,
To which the cherry yields its hue,
Its plumpness and ambrosial dew
 Which even Gods might sip.

What partial eye a charm can find
In Delia's look, or Delia's mind,
Or Delia's melting grace
Which cannot in Miranda's mien,
Or winning smile or brow serene,
A rival beauty trace?

Sweet as the balmy breath of spring,
Or odors from the painted wing
Of Zephyr as she flies,
Brunetta's charms might surely claim,
Amidst the votaries of fame,
A title to the prize.

What giddy raptures fill the brain,
When tripping o'er the verdant plain,
Florella joins the throng!
Her look each throbbing pain beguiles,
Beneath her footsteps Nature smiles,
And joins the poet's song.

Here even critic Spleen shall find
Each beauty that adorns the mind,
Or decks the virgin's brow;
Here envy with her venom'd dart
Shall find no vulnerable part,
To aim the deadly blow.

Could such perfection naught avail?
Or could the fair Belinda fail
To animate your lays?
For might not such a nymph inspire
With sportive notes the trembling lyre
Attuned to virgin praise?

The sister graces met the maid,
Beneath the myrtle's fragrant shade,
 When love the season warms;
Deluded by her graceful mien,
They fancied her the Cyprian queen,
 And decked her with their charms.

Say then why thus with heedless flight,
The panegyric muse should slight
 A train so blythe and fair,
Or why so soon fatigued she flies
No longer in her native skies,
 But tumbles through the air.

(The writers of "The Belles of Williamsburg" and "The Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg" were respectively Dr. James McClurg and Judge St. George Tucker.—EDITOR.)

Copied from *Southern Literary Messenger*, Vol. II. page 9.

HALLEY'S COMET—1760.

By Miss E. Draper.

Good George the Third was sitting on his throne—

His limbs were healthy, and his wits were sound;
In gorgeous state St. James' palace shone—

And bending courtiers gather'd thick around
The new made monarch and his German bride,
Who sat in royal splendor side by side.

Pitt was haranguing in the House of Lords—

Blair in the Pulpit—Blackstone at the Bar,
Garrick and Foote upon the Thespian boards,
And pious Whitefield in the open air—

While nervous Cowper, shunning public cares,
Sat in his study, fattening up his hares.

Sterne was correcting proof-sheets—Edmund Burke

Planning a register—Goldsmith and Hume
Scribbling their histories—and hard at work

Was honest Johnson; close at hand were some
Impatient creditors, to urge the sale
Of his new book, the Abyssinian tale.

Italia smiled beneath her sunny skies—

Her matchless works were on her classic walls;
They had not gone to feast the Frenchman's eyes—

They had not gone to fill Parisian halls:
The Swiss was in his native Canton free,
And Francis mildly ruled in Germany.

Adolphus reigned in Sweden; the renown

Of Denmark's Frederic overawed her foes;
A gentle Empress wore the Russian crown;

Amid the gilded domes of Moscow rose
The ancient palace of her mighty Czars,
Adorn'd with trophies of their glorious wars.

Altho' the glory of the Pole was stain'd,
Still Warsaw glitter'd with a courtly train,
And o'er her land Augustus Frederick reign'd;
Joseph in Portugal, and Charles in Spain—
Louis in France, while in imperial state
O'er Prussia's realm ruled Frederic the Great.

In gloomy grandeur, on the Ottoman throne
Sat proud Mustapha. Kerim Khan was great
Amid fair Persia's sons; his sword was one
That served a friend; but crush'd a rival's hate;
O'er ancient China, and her countless throng,
Reign'd the bold Tartar mighty Kian Long.

America then held a common horde
Of strange adventurers with bloody blade,
The Frenchman ruled—the Englishman was lord,
The haughty Spaniard, o'er his conquest sway'd—
While the wild Indian, driven from his home,
Ranged far and lawless, in the forest's gloom.

Thus was the world when last yon Comet blazed
Above our earth. On its celestial light
Proudly the free American may gaze:
Nations that last beheld its rapid flight
Are fading fast; the rest no more are known,
While his has risen to a mighty one.

(This was written at the appearance of the comet in 1835. The memory of its last visit to us in 1910, when the earth passed through its tail, is still fresh.—EDITOR.)